



# *Snow White and Rose Red*

by the BROTHERS GRIMM

illustrated by ADRIENNE ADAMS

# Snow White and Rose Red

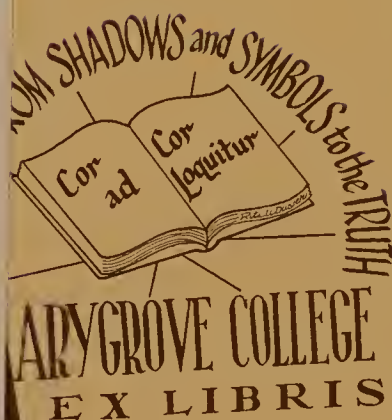
by the Brothers Grimm

ILLUSTRATED BY

ADRIENNE ADAMS

Two kind children, a cantankerous, ungrateful dwarf, a gruff but good-natured brown bear—these are the delightful characters skillfully united in a well-loved story. The world of Snow White and Rose Red is a world of enchantment and romance. But it is not a world free from evil. The Brothers Grimm tell here a story of virtue and generosity finally triumphant over wickedness and greed.

Several years ago in *The Shoemaker and the Elves*, Adrienne Adams demonstrated her feeling for the Grimms' *Household Tales*. In this distinguished new book she again dresses the characters, furnishes the cottage and paints the landscape with brilliance and an eye for authentic detail. On every page she has subtly captured all the drama and tenderness and magic of *Snow White and Rose Red*.







*Snow White*

*and Rose Red*







THE BROTHERS GRIMM

*Snow White  
and  
Rose Red*

*Jakob & Wilhelm*

illustrated by ADRIENNE ADAMS

New York

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Translation by WAYNE ANDREWS

D-6.67 (CLJ)

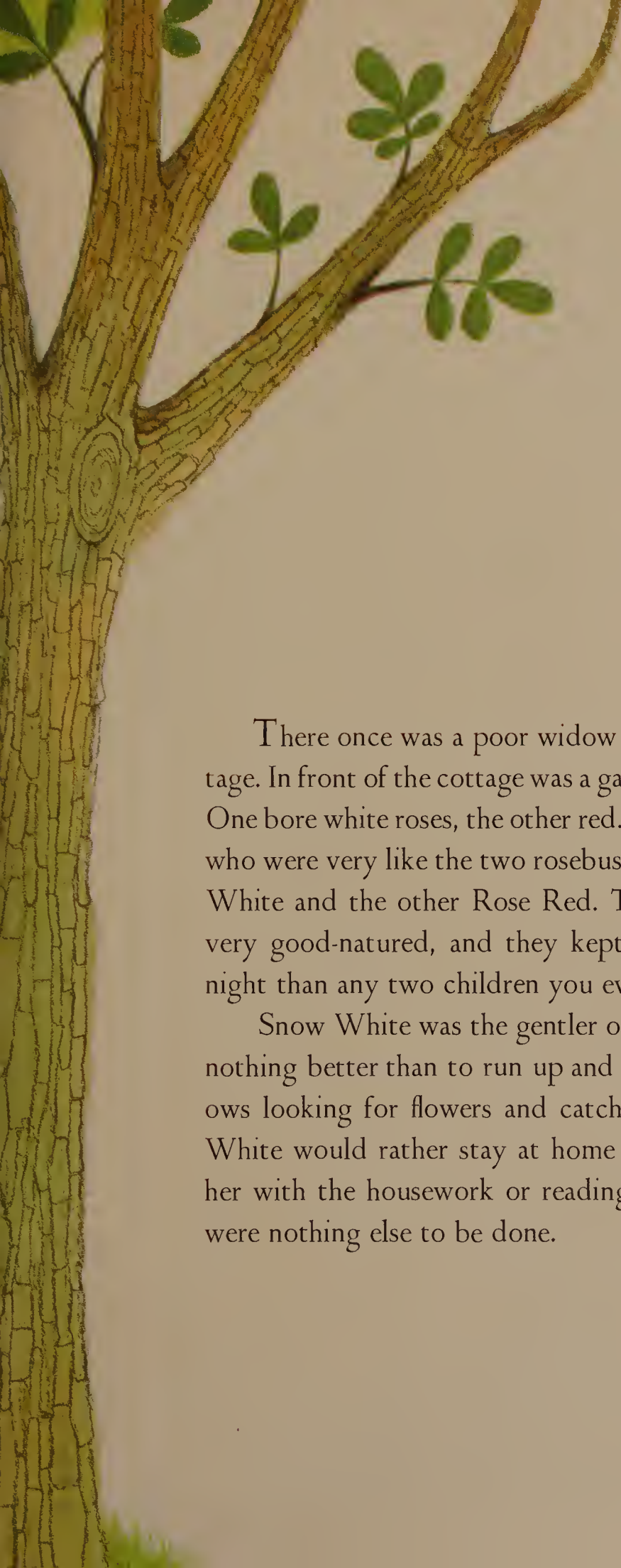
THIS TRANSLATION COPYRIGHT © 1964 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
ILLUSTRATIONS COPYRIGHT © 1964 ADRIENNE ADAMS  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES  
L.C.C.C. NO. 64-21290



*for* LAREN HERMAN







There once was a poor widow who lived in a lonely cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden with two rosebushes. One bore white roses, the other red. She also had two children who were very like the two rosebushes. One was called Snow White and the other Rose Red. They were very good and very good-natured, and they kept busier from morning to night than any two children you ever heard of.

Snow White was the gentler of the two. Rose Red liked nothing better than to run up and down the fields and meadows looking for flowers and catching butterflies. But Snow White would rather stay at home with her mother, helping her with the housework or reading out loud to her if there were nothing else to be done.

The children were so fond of each other that they never went outdoors without holding hands, and Snow White would say, "We'll never leave each other, will we?" And Rose Red would answer, "Never, as long as we live." And their mother would tell them, "Whatever you have, you must share with each other."

Time and again they ran off into the forest to pick strawberries all by themselves, but no animal ever did them any harm and they made friends with all of them. The rabbits ate cabbage leaves out of their hands, the deer grazed at their feet, the stags rushed gayly by them, and the birds high up in their branches sang as though no one were near.









No accident ever happened to the children. If they stayed too late in the forest and night overtook them, they lay down side by side on the moss and went to sleep until morning came. And their mother knew they had done just that, and never was worried.

Once when they had spent the night in the forest and the sunrise woke them, they saw a beautiful child with a shining white smock sitting beside them. The child stood up and gave them a friendly glance, but did not say a word. Then he went away into the forest. When they looked around, they saw that they had dropped off to sleep on the edge of a cliff and would certainly have fallen over if they had taken another step or two in the darkness. Later their mother told them they must have seen the angel who watches over good children.



Snow White and Rose Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a joy to behold. In the summertime Rose Red looked after the house, and every morning before her mother woke up she laid a bouquet on her bed, with roses from each of the bushes. In the wintertime Snow White lit the fire and hung the kettle on the hook, and the kettle which was made of brass shone like gold, it was scoured so clean.







On evenings when snow was falling their mother would say, "Snow White, go and bolt the door." Then they would sit down by the hearth, and their mother would put on her glasses and read out of a big book, and the two girls would listen eagerly as they sat by their spinning wheels. A lamb would lie down on the floor very near them, and just behind them a white dove would sit on its perch, with its head tucked under its wing.

One evening when they were all sitting there so peacefully, someone suddenly began to pound on the door. "Hurry, Rose Red, and open the door," their mother called. "It must be a traveler looking for shelter for the night."

Rose Red went and pushed back the bolt, thinking it must be some poor man but it wasn't—it was a bear who poked his big brown head through the door. Rose Red screamed out loud and sprang back, the lamb began to bleat, the dove started to fly away, and Snow White hid behind her mother's bed.

Then the bear began to speak. "Don't be frightened," he said. "I won't do you any harm. I'm half frozen, and all I want is to warm myself."

"You poor bear," said the girls' mother, "lie down by the fire, but watch you don't singe your fur." Then she called, "Come out, Snow White and Rose Red, the bear won't do you any harm, he means very well." So they both came out, and by and by the lamb and the dove came closer too, and were no longer afraid.





Then the bear asked,  
"Please, children, come and  
brush the snow from my  
fur." And they got the  
brooms and swept all the  
snow out of his fur. As soon  
as that was done he  
stretched out by the fire  
and growled happily  
and contentedly.











In no time the girls began to feel more friendly toward him and they played all kinds of tricks on their clumsy guest. They ruffled his fur with their hands, they put their feet on his back and rolled him this way and that, or they took a hazel stick and gave him a good switching. And when he growled, they laughed at him.

The bear was very patient, but when they began to make things too difficult for him, he cried out, "Oh, children, please spare my life!"

*O Snow White, O Rose Red,  
You mustn't strike your bridegroom dead.*

When it was time to go to sleep and the others went to bed, the girls' mother said to the bear, "Of course you can stay here by our fireplace. We want you to be safe from the cold and the bad weather."

At the break of day the children let him out and he trotted over the snow into the forest. From that time on, the bear appeared every evening at the appointed hour, lay down on the hearth, and let the children play all kinds of tricks on him, and they became such good friends that they never bolted the door before their shaggy playmate arrived.



When spring came and everything turned green outdoors, the bear said one morning to Snow White, "Now I must go away, and I shan't come back all summer long."

"Where in the world are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow White.

"I must go into the forest and protect my jewels and precious stones from the wicked dwarfs. In the wintertime, when the earth is frozen solid, the dwarfs have to stay underground and can't work their way up. But now that the sun has thawed out the earth and warmed it, they come right out, scramble everywhere, and take to stealing. And what they once get their hands on and hide away in their caves, that rarely sees the light of day."

Snow White was very sorry to see him go. When she unbolted the door for him and he rushed out, he caught on a hook and a piece of his coat ripped off. For a second Snow White thought she had seen a gleam of gold, but she wasn't too sure. The bear ran off and soon vanished in the trees.





After a while the girls' mother sent the children into the forest to gather firewood. There they came across a great tree that had been felled and between the blades of grass round about the trunk something kept hopping, but they couldn't make out exactly what it was. When they drew nearer they spied a dwarf with a withered old face and a snow-white beard that was a yard long. The tip of his beard had caught in a crack of the tree, and the little man kept hopping to and fro like a puppy on a leash and had no idea how to get out of his trap.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried out, "What are you doing standing there? Can't you come closer and be of some help?"

"What in the world is wrong with you, little man?" asked Rose Red.

"You silly goose, why do you ask?" the dwarf answered. "I wanted to split the tree to have a little wood in my kitchen. With a thick log or two handy, it's easy to heat up the little food that people like us need, for we aren't big heavy eaters the likes of you. I had driven my wedge in all right, and everything would have gone well, but the wood, plague take it, was too smooth and all of a sudden the wedge flew out, and the tree snapped tight before I could free my fine white beard. There it stays, stuck, and I can't get away. Then you silly baby-faces come along and laugh at me. How nasty you are, both of you!"



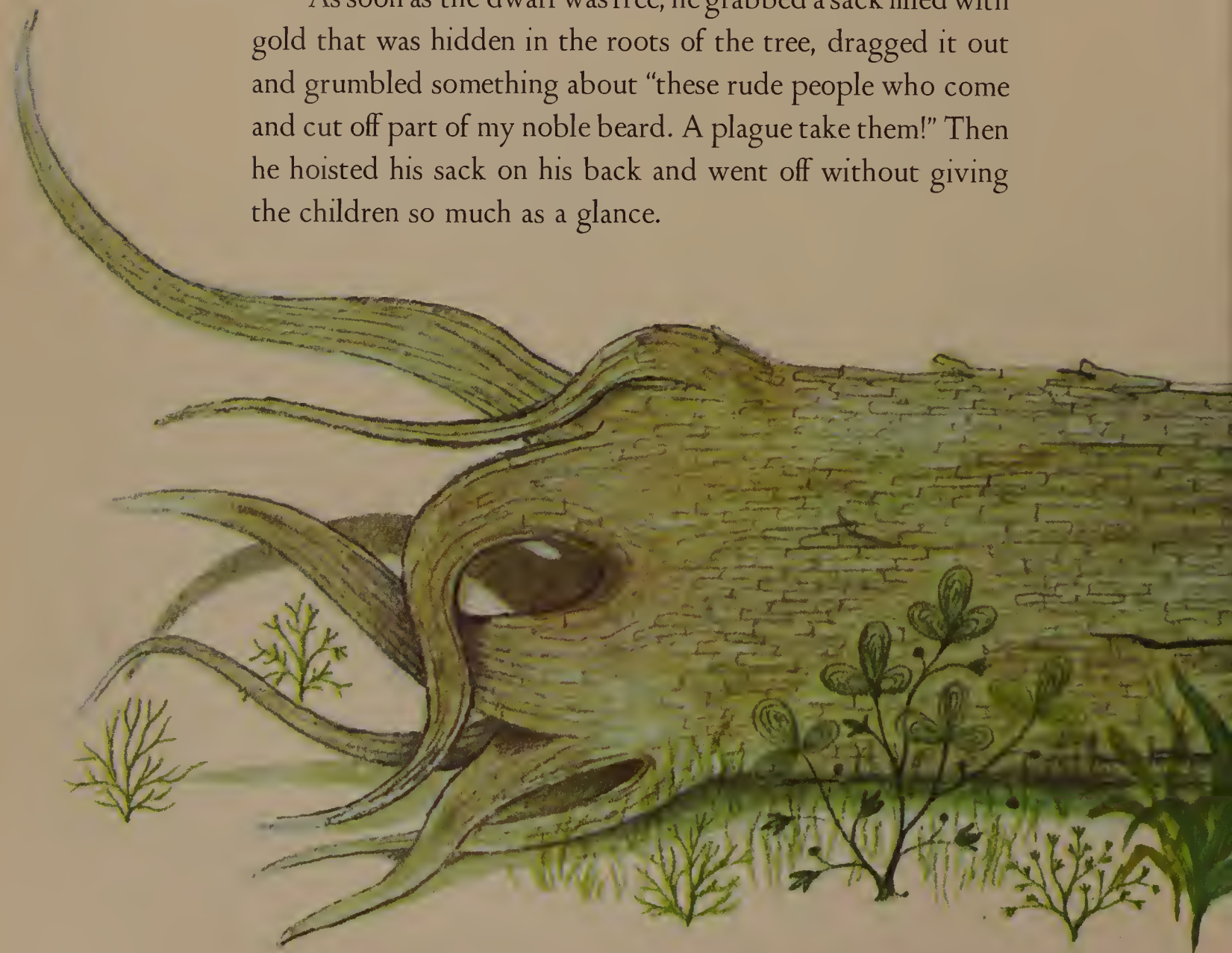


The children tried as hard as they could but they couldn't get the beard out, it was stuck so fast. "I'll run and get someone," said Rose Red.

"What simpletons you are," grumbled the dwarf. "Why do you want to call for help when the two of you are two too many? Can't you think of any better idea than that?"

"Please don't be impatient," said Snow White. "I'll think of something." And she pulled a pair of scissors out of her pocket and cut off the end of his beard.

As soon as the dwarf was free, he grabbed a sack filled with gold that was hidden in the roots of the tree, dragged it out and grumbled something about "these rude people who come and cut off part of my noble beard. A plague take them!" Then he hoisted his sack on his back and went off without giving the children so much as a glance.







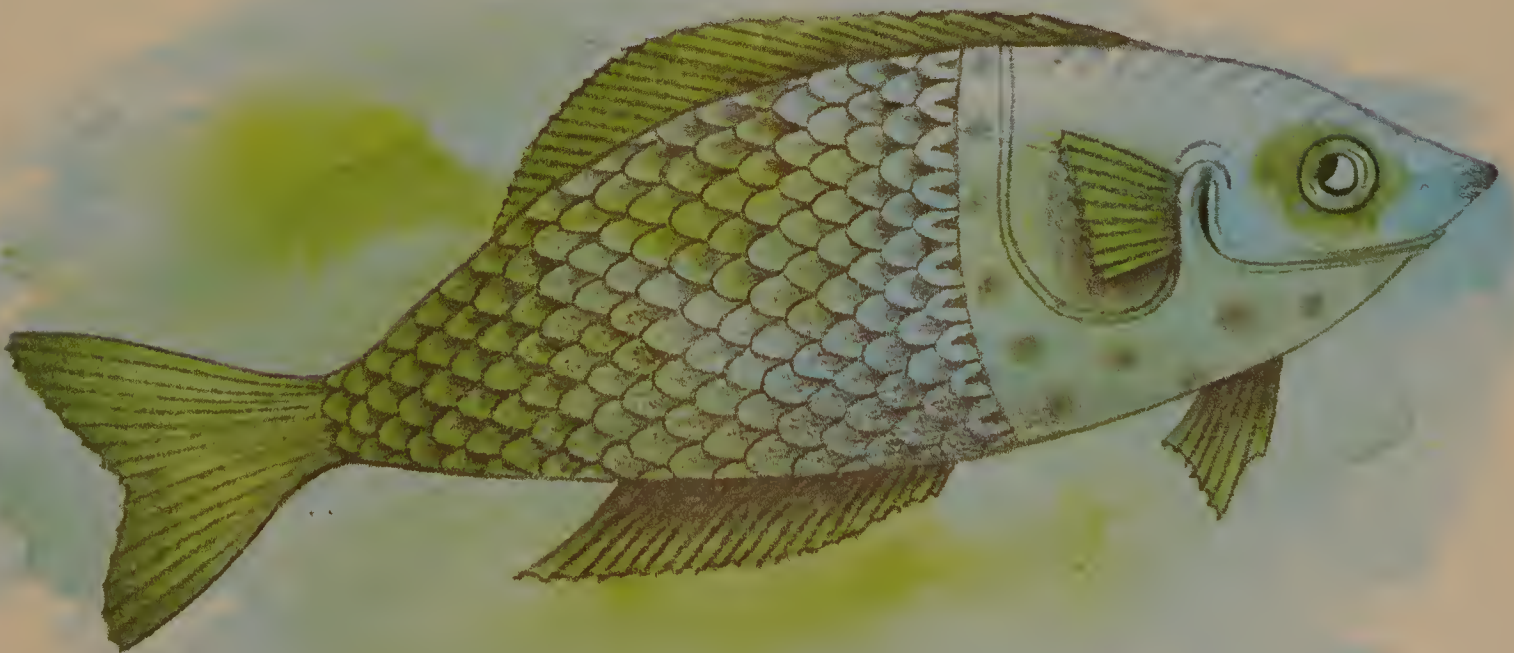




Some time after this, Snow White and Rose Red set out to get fish for their dinner. When they came near the brook, they saw a huge grasshopper hopping near the water, just as though he were about to jump in. They ran up to him and then they recognized the dwarf. "What are you trying to do?" asked Rose Red. "You don't mean you are going in the water?"

"I'm not that much of a fool," the dwarf shrieked at them. "Can't you see that that fish, plague take him, is trying to pull me in?"

The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unfortunately the wind had come up and caught his beard in the fishing line. When a big fish began to bite right after that, the frail creature didn't have the strength to reel him in. The fish held the upper hand and kept pulling the dwarf toward him. To be sure, the dwarf held on as hard as he could to every blade of grass in sight, but that didn't do any good. He had to follow every twist and turn of the fish and was in constant danger of being drawn into the water.





The girls came at just the right time. They held on to him tightly and tried to work his beard free from the line, but his beard and the line were hopelessly entangled. There was nothing to do but get out the scissors and snip off another small piece of his beard.

When the dwarf saw what had happened, he cried out, "You toads, is that the way you go around disfiguring people's faces? It wasn't enough, was it, for you to trim the bottom



part of my beard? Now that you've gone and cut off the very best part of it, I won't dare show myself to my friends. It's worse than if you had to run around barefoot!" Then he snatched a sack full of pearls from the bulrushes, and without saying another word, dragged it off and disappeared behind a stone.





It so happened right after this that the girls' mother had to send both of them to town to buy needles and thread and ribbons and lace. Their road took them over the moors, where here and there great rocks lay round about. Suddenly they saw a huge bird soaring in the sky, circling slowly over them, coming lower and lower, and finally swooping down on a rock. Then they heard a horrible, deafening shriek. They ran up close and saw to their horror that an eagle had seized hold of their old acquaintance the dwarf and was about to carry him off.











The two girls, who felt sorry for the poor little man, rushed up and held him tightly and tugged so hard that the eagle dropped his prey. When the dwarf recovered from the shock, he shrieked in his shrill voice, "Can't you behave decently just once? You've gone and torn my light summer jacket. Now it's ripped to pieces and full of holes from top to bottom. Awkward and clumsy things that you are!" Then he picked up a sack full of precious stones and slipped off under the rocks to his cave.





The girls, who were already well accustomed to his lack of manners, went on their way and did their errands in town. When they came back again across the moors, they took the dwarf by surprise. He had emptied out his sack full of precious stones in a clearing that was neat as a pin and hadn't thought for a second that anyone would pass by so late in the day. The setting sun lit up the glistening stones, which were shimmering so splendidly and showing off so many colors that the children had to stop and look at them.

"Who told you that you could stand around with your mouths open?" screamed the dwarf, and his ash-gray face turned as red as a tomato, he was so angry. He had a great many other insults at the tip of his tongue, but just then there was a loud growl and a brown bear tramped out of the forest.









The dwarf, who was terribly frightened, jumped up but he couldn't reach his hiding place. The bear was too close. "Please, Mr. Bear," he cried out in fear, "spare me and I'll give you all my precious stones. See, just take a look at the beautiful jewels before you. Just give me my life—I'm only a poor creature, and you couldn't even tell I was there if you had me between your teeth. Take those two dreadful children! They'd make delicious morsels for they are as plump as baby quail. Eat them instead, for goodness' sake!"

But the bear didn't pay any attention to what the dwarf was saying. He simply gave the horrid creature a mighty cuff with his paw, and the dwarf rolled over motionless.

The girls had dashed away, but the bear called after them, "Snow White and Rose Red, don't be afraid, just wait, and I'll go with you."







They recognized his voice and stood still and when the bear caught up with them, his bearskin suddenly fell off. There he stood, a handsome young man, clad in gold from head to foot.

"I am a king's son," he said, "but I was put under a spell by that evil dwarf, who stole my treasures, and I had to wander in the forest as a wild bear until I was set free by his death. Now he has been punished as he deserved."





Not long after this, Snow White was married to the Prince, and Rose Red to his brother, and they shared all the treasure that the dwarf had carried off to his cave. Their old mother lived with them in the palace a number of years after this, quietly and happily. She took the two rosebushes along with her and they stood in front of the palace. And every year they bore the most beautiful roses, both white and red.









3 1927 00066238 4

## DATE DUE

|           |             |  |                   |
|-----------|-------------|--|-------------------|
| OC 3 '68  | AP 15 '71   |  |                   |
| OC 24 '68 | NO 1 '71    |  |                   |
| FE 21 '69 | DE 15 '72   |  |                   |
| MY 27 '69 | OC 11 '73   |  |                   |
| OC 1 '69  | FE 2 '74    |  |                   |
| OC 20 '69 | OC 11 '71   |  |                   |
| AP 17 '70 | AP 6 '78    |  |                   |
| AP 2 '70  |             |  |                   |
| AP 20 '70 | AP 29 '77   |  |                   |
| AP 29 '70 | SE 22 '77   |  |                   |
| MY 4 '70  | NO 17 '77   |  |                   |
| MY 12 '70 | JE 11 '79   |  |                   |
| JE 25 '70 | OC 2 '80    |  |                   |
| AG 13 '70 | ECT 6 '81   |  |                   |
| OC 6 '70  | OC 1 '86    |  |                   |
| OC 26 '70 | FE 11 '88   |  |                   |
| NO 5 '70  | OCT 0 2 '80 |  |                   |
| JA 12 '71 |             |  |                   |
| GAYLORD   |             |  | PRINTED IN U.S.A. |

## About the Artist

ADRIENNE ADAMS grew up in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, and attended Stephens College and the University of Missouri. After teaching in Okmulgee for several years she came to New York City to try her luck as a commercial artist and soon discovered that illustrating children's books was the work she most enjoyed.

Now many distinguished books for children boast illustrations by Adrienne Adams. She has twice been named runner up for the Caldecott Medal, for *Houses from the Sea* and *The Day We Saw the Sun Come Up* written by Alice E. Goudey. Miss Adams' fine pictorial interpretations of Grimms' *The Shoemaker and the Elves*, of Andersen's *Thumbelina*, and of an old Provençal carol, *Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella*, have won high praise. All were designated Notable Children's Books by the American Library Association.

Adrienne Adams and her husband John Anderson live in the Hunterdon Hills of New Jersey. They also have a charming small house perched on a hilltop overlooking Cruz Bay on the Virgin Island of St. John.

E  
398  
G88s





